

NEW-YORK WEEKLY MUSEUM.

"WITH SWEETEST FLOWERS ENRICH'D, FROM VARIOUS GARDENS CULL'D WITH CARE."

NO. 17.—VOL. XXI.

NEW-YORK, SATURDAY, JUNE 3, 1809.

NO. 1059

MISTRUST;

OR,

BLANCHE AND OSBRIGHT:

A FEUDAL ROMANCE.

(In Continuation.)

"Sacred! my guest? Oh! undoubtedly! nothing can be better said, or more certain: the person of my guest must always be considered as sacred by me; only there is one tripping point, of which it may be as well to make you aware—I also am very subject to fainting!"

"Indeed!" exclaimed Ottokar, starting; then fixing his eyes on those of Rudiger, he read in them an expression which almost froze the marrow in his—"Farewell, Count Rudiger!" said he, and hastily quitted the room.

The Count remained in his seat, reclining his head upon his hand, silent, motionless, and gloomy.—Some minutes elapsed, and still he moved not.

"Save him! save him!" shrieked Magdalena as she rushed into the chamber, pale as death; "hasten to his rescue, Rudiger! For God's sake, hasten! look, look!" and she threw open the window which commanded the court-yard, and from whence the light of the full moon and the blaze of numerous torches permitted her to observe distinctly what was passing below. "He is surrounded!

"Ottokar... the people, the whole crowd of them, with swords and clubs... fly, fly, Rudiger, and rescue him! Merciful Heaven! they drag him from his horse—they throw him on the earth—they will kill him! they will murder him! Nay, look yourself! come to the window; speak to the wild rabble, or their fury... Ha! he forces himself out of their clutches! he draws his sword, he fights, he drives them back... now, now, Rudiger, now they can hear you; seize this interval of fear, and command them... Alas! now they all rush upon him at once, like madmen; he defends himself still, but their numbers... Rudiger, Rudiger! for mercy's sake, call to them from the window; speak one word, Oh! but one word, and... Ah! his head... a blow... he staggers... and now another, and another! it's done, it's done! he falls! he is dead! Oh! blessed Mary, receive his soul to mercy!"

She sank upon her knees, prest to her lips the golden cross which hung at her bosom, and past some minutes in fervent supplication for the sins of her unhappy nephew. As she gazed, the excess of horror gradually abated; religion already poured balm into her still bleeding wounds: the thought of eternal happiness hereafter, enabled her to sustain the weight of her present afflictions; the agony of grief was softened into melancholy tenderness; she found that she could again breathe freely; and a torrent of tears rushed into her burning eyes, and relieved the burthen of her over-charged bosom.

She arose from her knees: she turned towards her husband, who still sat motionless in his chair.

"Rudiger!" said she, "your guest, your kinsman has been murdered in your castle, almost before your eyes: it would have cost you but one word, but one look; nay, the very sight of their lord's countenance, his mere presence would have been sufficient to recall the rabble to their duty, and terrify them from accomplishing their barbarous purpose! I told you what would happen; I called you, I implored you, and still you were deaf to my cries, and still you moved not! Oh! what cruel insensibility! Oh! what inhuman obstinacy! Now, God grant that in that bitter hour when you most want his help, he may not be so slow to afford it, as you have been to the wretched Ottokar!"

The Count retired not—the door opened, and Withard entered.

"Noble Lord," said he, "your orders are obeyed."

"Obeyed? his orders!" exclaimed Magdalena, with a shriek of surprise and horror. She fixed her eyes upon the countenance of her husband with a look of dreadful inquiry: every muscle in his gigantic form seemed convulsed by some horrible sensation; the deepest gloom darkened every feature: the wind from the unclosed window agitated his raven locks, and every hair seemed to writh itself. His eye-balls glared, his teeth chattered, his lips trembled, and yet a smile of satisfied vengeance played horribly round them. His complexion appeared suddenly to be changed to the dark tincture of an African; the expression of his countenance was dreadful, was diabolical; Magdalena, as she gazed upon his face, thought that she gazed upon the face of a demon.

"Obeyed?" after a long pause she repeated once more; "Rudiger! obeyed!"—He raised his eyes to hers, but he could not support their gaze. He turned hastily away, and concealed his countenance with his robe. "Now, then," she resumed, "the whole is clear! I feel that I was! and I called you to the innocent youth's rescue! I see, Oh! I see, this is not the action of a warrior, of a man! this is so odious, so despicable, that I, your wife, your fond, your humble, your much-injured, your ever-enduring wife, even I pronounce it odious and despicable, and dare to proclaim aloud my hatred and my contempt. Oh! shame, shame! how the man sits there, and must endure to hear the just reproaches of one, whom he knows so inferior in all things but virtue; of a woman, weak in mind, weak in body, but strong in conscious innocence, and therefore stronger than himself! Heaven can witness with what truth, with what fondness, with what adoration, I have ever loved you, Rudiger; but the feeling of what is right is superior to all other feelings; but the voice of justice will be heard; and not even the husband of my heart, not even the father of my children is to me a character so sacred, as to stifle the sentence of my reason, of my conscience, which cries to me aloud—"The

husband of your heart, the father of your children is a murderer!"—Your caprice, your pride, your wayward humours, your infidelities, I have borne them all, and loved you still; but when I see your hands stained with the blood of your kinsman, of your guest, of a man who came hither solely for your service, who had sacrificed to your welfare all his dearest wishes; when I see your hands stained with his blood, with his innocent blood, Oh! Rudiger, Rudiger, is it possible that I should ever love you more!"

Her heart agonized, her brain almost distracted, she fled from her husband's presence, and including herself within her oratory, past the night in prayer equally for the souls of the murdered one, and of his unhappy murderer.

CHAP. VIII.

"Here hailed she many a seed, and herb, and flower, And doves in moonshine culled at midnight hour, Bat's wings, a stag's still panting heart, and last A raven's head, o'er which nine hundred years had passed."

WHILE his father was thus plunging himself in an abyss of real guilt, Osbright was hastening in eager pursuit of means to elucidate the imaginary crime of Gustavus. The forest was thick; the way was long, and difficult to find without a guide. Osbright had obtained ample instructions respecting the course which he was to hold, and he believed it impossible to make a mistake; but his mind occupied with canvassing the obstacles which impeded his union with Blanche, and the reconciliation of the families, and in weighing the arguments for and against success in his present pursuit, he suffered himself to fall into a reverie, during which his steed directed his course entirely at his own pleasure. At length the animal thought proper to stop. The cessation of motion recalled Osbright to himself; he looked around, and found himself in the deepest part of the wood, and where no path was discernable.

Which way to guide his horse he had not the most distant idea. Highly incensed at his own negligence, he urged his courser on at random, being only able to decide, that to remain where he then was, was the worst thing that he could do; whereas by proceeding he might possibly either regain the proper road, or might find some peasant to direct him how to find it again. He therefore continued to hasten onwards, till his horse put his foot into a pit-fall, and entangled himself too completely to be extricated by any efforts of his rider.

Osbright was now at a complete loss what to do. The groans of the animal announced that he had received some injury, though the thickness of the boughs excluded all assistance from the moon, and the Knight was unable to ascertain the nature of his hurt. A sound, like distant thunder, seemed to foretell a coming storm, and to remind him that it was probable that in a short time his situation would become still more disagreeable; while his medi-

positions on the means of extricating himself from his present embarrassment, received very unpleasant interruptions from the howling of wolves and other wild beasts, by whom the forest was infested. Suddenly Osbrough thought he saw something glimmer among the trees. He hastily hewed away with his sword some of the intervening branches which impeded his view, and was delighted to perceive the light of a fire, which evidently shed its rays through the casement of a cottage window at no great distance. Thither he resolved to hasten, and request its owners to assist him in recovering his horse.

He arrived at the spot whence the light proceeded. Here stood a low and wretched looking hut, rudely constructed, and covered with fern and withered boughs. Before he gave notice of his presence, the youth thought it prudent to ascertain the nature of its inhabitants. Accordingly, he approached the small window without noise, whence he had a perfect view of the hut's interior.

(To be Continued.)

AN AUTHOR IN A DILEMMA.

I have heard Dr. Johnson relate with infinite humour the circumstances of his rescuing O. Goldsmith from a ridiculous dilemma, by the purchase money of his Vicar of Wakefield, which he sold on his behalf to Dodsley, and, as I think, for the sum of ten pounds only. He had run up a debt with his Landlord for board and lodging, of some few pounds, and was at his wit's end how to wipe off the score and keep a roof over his head, except by closing with a very staggering proposal on her part, and taking his creditor to wife, whose charms were very far from alluring, whilst her demands were extremely urgent. In the crisis of his fate, he was found by Johnson in the act of meditating on the melancholy alternative before him. He showed Johnson his manuscript of the Vicar of Wakefield, and seemed to be without any plan, or even hope, of raising money upon the disposal of it; when Johnson cast his eye upon it, he discovered something that gave him hope, and immediately took it to Dodsley, who paid down the price above mentioned in ready money, and added an eventual condition upon its future sale. Johnson described the precautions he took in concealing the amount of the sum he had in hand, which he prudently administered to him by a guinea at a time. In the event he paid off the landlady's score, and redeemed the person of his friend from her embraces. Goldsmith had the joy of finding his ingenious work succeed beyond his hopes, and from that time began to place a confidence in the resources of his talents, which thenceforward enabled him to keep his station in society, and cultivate the friendship of many eminent persons, who, whilst they smiled at his eccentricities, esteemed him for his genius and good qualities.

Cumberland's Memoirs.

ANECDOTES.

Mr. Garrow, some short time ago, examining a very young lady who was witness in a case of assault, asked her if the person who was assaulted did not give the defendant very ill language—if he did not call him a damned Scotch collier, and utter other words so bad, that he, the learned counsel, had not impudence enough to repeat; she replied in the affirmative.—Will you, madam, be kind enough (said he) to tell the court what these words were?—Why, sir, (replied she) if you have not impudence enough to speak them, how do you suppose that I have?

In a party a few evenings since, it was asked, why is *common* unlike a *looking-glass*? It was answered, because the first *speaks* without reflecting, and the second *reflects* without speaking.

A lady told her husband she read the *Art of Love* on purpose to learn to be agreeable to him.—I would rather have *love* without *art*, said he daily.

For the New-York Weekly Museum.

SONNET.

TO RELIGION.

Yes, meek and spotless maid, let flippants laugh,
I ask thy friendship and thy tenderest care;
I ask thy sorrows and delights to share,
While they enjoy the wormwood and the chaff.

Yes, on my brightest hour I ask thy smile,
But more to cheer each sad and gloomy scene,
To make my mind placid and serene,
When bursting storms distress, or calmer skies beguile.

When friendship o'er my couch betrays her tears,
And pale disease devours each promised bliss,
From my chill lips the dying fever kisses,
And close my eyes on tyranny and tears.
Then wait my soul to Heaven's immortal air,
And charge my dearest ***** to meet me there,

HENRICUS.

New-York, May 27, 1809.

THE BLUSH.

SAY, have you seen in vernal morn,
Those beautiful tints that deck the sky,
Such colours Mary's cheek adorn,
When shrinking 'neath the gaze's eye.

Such colours met his ravished view,
And spoke to love a language dear;
As at her feet her William true
First breathed of love the vow sincere.

Such colours, too, adorned her face,
And mantled o'er her bosom's snow;
As 'bove disguise she strove to chase
Each doubt that caused her lover's woe.

Such speaking tints her cheeks o'erspread,
And transient each with other died,
As late by happy William led,
She tripped to church, a beauteous bride.

Hail modestly! thy witching native grace
Subdues the proud, and melts the soul to love,
Art tries in vain thy beautiful tints to trace,
Or catch the changeful charms that round thee move.

MIRA.

BEWEATH yon yew-tree's silent shade,
Long tufted grass the spot discloses,
Where, low in death untimely laid,
Pale Mira's silent form reposes.

The plaintive bird at evening close,
Pours there her softly-mournful numbers;
The earth its earliest sweets bestows,
To deck the grate where Mira slumbers.

There summer's brightest flow'ers are smiling;
There oft the hollow breeze is swelling;
The passing stranger drops a tear
On Mira's dark and narrow dwelling.

The moralist, with musing eyes,
Loves there his pensive steps to measure;
How vain is human pride! he cries,
How soon is lost each earthly treasure!

To snatch the fleeting bubble, joy,
How weak is every fond endeavour!
We rush to seize the glittering toy;
It bursts, it vanishes for ever!

How soon our pleasures pass away!
How soon our bliss must yield to sorrow!
The friend, with whom we smile to-day,
May wither in his shroud to-morrow!

TRUE COURAGE.

Aristotle in his Ethics assigns to courage the first place in his enumeration of moral virtues, and with reason; for there is nothing more precarious than the virtue of a coward; he shrinks at the approach of danger, and difficulty, and yields to temptation, for want of resolution to resist. The best proof of a man's real courage, is to dare, in every situation, to be just to his own principles, to himself, to his connections, and to the world. Be your future prospects through life ever so flattering, you will most assuredly be thrown into situations, where you will be exceedingly glad to repose on your conscious integrity; you will most certainly find it, by far, your best support under the various disappointments, calumny, and ingratitude of a bad world.

There are, I believe, few men, who, when they begin to throw off the boy, do not make some sort of resolution to establish a character in the world, and to act like men of honour, unfortunately, they meet with temptations, which they did not expect, and they deviate, under a *subtle*, that they wish to be honest, but that it is every man's duty to do the best he can for himself and family. This is a most egregious mistake. There is but one honesty, one honour, one integrity, one virtue. They are all either absolute, or they do not exist; and I appeal to those men, who have thus deviated from what they know to be right, whether the recollection of their deviations from the plain path of honour does not now constitute their greatest misery!

I have mentioned *honour*. I will therefore give you my idea of a man of honour. Personal courage is doubtless a necessary part of his character, and this essential he should establish at his first emerging into man; not by a querulous propensity to contradiction; not by a promptitude to take offence, but by that cool and steady demeanour, which may convince his associates of his resolution to maintain his own rights, and to support his friend in a just cause, even at the expense of a little personal safety. This part of his character once established he will run very little risk of future insult.

ANECDOTE OF OLIVER CROMWELL.

It is a singular circumstance and not historically known, that this cruel and extraordinary man had, at a very early period of his life, a bloody quarrel with that prince, whom he afterwards, at the head of the republican party, caused to be beheaded on the scaffold. The occasion of the quarrel was this, about three years after the accession of King James the Sixth to the throne of England, the earl of Mar, who had the charge of his majesty's second son, Charles duke of Albany, at the palace of Dunfermline, Scotland, received a commission to bring his royal pupil to London, and, on his way thither, to pass some days at Huntington, at the house of Richard Oliver, the father of the famous Oliver, and who was married to a daughter of Sir Robert Stuart, of Ely, whose ancestor sprang from the royal family of Scotland, in the reign of Robert III. It is observable that, on account of this relationship, King James himself also spent two days at Richard Cromwell's house, on his way from Scotland. In compliance with his instructions, the earl of Mar, and his young royal charge, did pass several days at Huntington, during which Charles and Oliver, who were nearly of the same age, had several skirmishes. Walking one day in the garden, their differences rose so high, that a bloody match ensued; the consequence was, that Charles, though older by one year, was worsted, and retired from the scene of battle with a bloody nose. Oliver being severely corrected for the daring act he had committed, indignantly said, 'I hope yet to knock the head of the Scotch dog off, instead of giving him a bloody nose.'

MAXIM.

Do not complain of another, for not keeping your secret, but first complain of yourself. How can you imagine a stranger to be more faithful to you than you are to yourself? We have no reason to hope that others will keep what we ourselves have abandoned.

The Weekly Museum.

NEW-YORK, JUNE 9, 1869.

The city inspector reports the death of 45 persons, (of whom 14 were men, 14 women, 8 boys, and 9 girls) during the week ending on Saturday last. viz. Of asphyxia 1, cholera 1, consumption 5, convulsions 4, delirium 1, decay 1, diarrhoea 1, dropsy 2, d. covered 1, intermittent fever 1, liver disease 1, inflammation of the brain 1, inflammation of the bowels 2, inflammation of the liver 1, intemperance 2, liver disease 1, mortification 1, old age 3, St. Anthony's fire 1, small-pox 2, still-born 4, suicide by hanging 1, thrush 1, and 1 of whooping cough.

Unfortunate affair.—On Thursday afternoon a quarrel arose between Capt. John Roach, of the brig Hawke, at the quarantine ground and his mate. The following particulars which led to and decided the dispute are obtained from the Coroner. When Capt. Roach returned on board, he inquired of the mate if he had performed certain duties as directed, in coming some sticks of logwood; the mate replied, that "he had weighed them but had not taken the count," and declared, that he (the captain) had not directed them to be counted. The captain affirmed that he had directed them to be counted, and called the mate a liar! The mate was returned—upon which the captain pulled the mate by the nose and called him a man of no spirit! The mate replied, "bring up your pistols, and I will convince you that I am a man of spirit." The captain immediately brought a pair of pistols out of the cabin, and on presenting one to the mate he said, "There is a loaded pistol for you, mine is not loaded—take your distance!" The mate went forward and said, "captain, are you ready?" The other replied, "fire and be damned." Upon which he did fire, and shot the captain through the head.

Important Discovery.—The range of cliffs along the Mississippi River, about fifty miles below the city Natchez, which has often attracted the admiration of the traveller; and amused the speculation of the philosopher, without a distant expectation of any real advantage to our country.—But accident (the source of many important events for the benefit of mankind) has discovered this great mass of earth to be OOLITE, of various hues and colours. The discovery was made by an enterprising Yankee, who had a large quantity of it carried to Boston, which proved equal to any imported from Europe, and remunerated him handsomely for his labour and risk.—The prominent colours as yet discovered of this great mass of earth are, white, yellow, purple, and red, all of which have been found of an excellent quality.—Here we see how nature distributes her good things, and how partially it often operates.—this great bed of earth might have enriched many poor families, had the proprietors understood as Mr. Farrar and Mr. Johnson, two of the richest planters in the Mississippi territory. This, however, will not lessen the great profit which will result to our country from this discovery.

Perhaps a more tragical scene has never appeared in Virginia, than that which took place on Saturday morn the 20th inst. on the banks of Chickahomny river.—James Hopkins and George his younger brother, sons of

Mr. Bankin Hopkins of Charles city, together with John S. Punter and William Shell, were going from one of Mr. Hopkins's landing places round a neck of marsh to another—James, the eldest, had the management of the canoe, who, it seems, from an early period in his life had delighted in mischief—and being extremely venturesome in water, has taken great delight in alarming boys of his age, and also men, when it was in his power to do so. On their passage, when in water 16 feet deep, he began with his detested levity, and rocked the canoe so as to bring great dread on the minds of his youthful comrades—they all solicited him in the warmest terms to desist, but in vain; his brother it is said, was reduced to tears, and begged him to leave off rocking the canoe—but all would not avail—he continued his frolic—till at length the canoe was turned bottom upwards.—It appears from James's own statement that George and John Punter got hold of him, that the three sunk together; and that at the bottom he was forced to fight and struggle with all his power to disengage himself from them—that at length his clothes giving way he broke their holds and escaped, being a tolerable swimmer. Shell, who could not swim at all, says he sunk twice, and as he rose the second time, fortunately came in reach of the canoe, which he got on, and was by that means saved. Punter and George were drowned.—The distress occasioned by the ridiculous levity of a youth, now nearly come to manhood, no tongue can utter, nor pen express.

Virginia Gazette.

The Common Council of the Borough of Norfolk have passed "an ordinance for extending the benefit of Vaccination," &c.—Any Physician or other persons introducing the Small Pox by inoculation, or otherwise is subject to a penalty of twenty dollars.—The Council have directed the poor to be vaccinated at the expense of the corporation.

Newark (N. J.) May 29.—On Sunday evening last, the south chimney of the house of the Rev. Dr. Ogden, of this town, was struck by lightning. In the third story of the house, the eldest daughter of the Doctor was reading by a table adjoining the chimney, in which, about five feet above the table was an aperture that had been made to receive the pipe of a stove, and this aperture was covered with sheet iron. The lightning having passed through the aperture, struck the young lady on her right shoulder, and passed down her body, through the ceiling, to the second story, from whence it was conveyed to the ground by the wire of the house bell. The gown of the lady, by her shoulder, was burnt; and the whole right side of her body was without feeling and pulsation, though she retained her senses. We are happy to state that in about two hours after, Dr. Clark, by the power of *Galenium*, fully restored the affected part to its natural state, and that, from this stroke of lightning, Miss Ogden experiences only slight debility.

Seldom, if ever, have we witnessed a severe storm as the one on Sunday night. The thunder was unusually loud, and the lightning very vivid. We have already heard of considerable damage done in the neighbourhood. We learn that a building was burnt by the lightning at Bergen, another at Barbours neck, and one near Caldwell; a number of trees in the vicinity of the town were also struck.

MARRIED.

On Saturday last, by the Rev. Mr. John Williams, Mr. Samuel Thorne, to Miss Sarah Chessman, both of this city.

On Monday evening last, by the Rev. Mr. William, Mr. Anderson Merritt, to Miss Sarah Carpenter, both of North Castle.

On the 16th inst. at the Friends' Meeting House, Mamaroneck, Westchester county, Mr. Eliza Carpenter, to Mrs. Letitia M. Seaman, only daughter of Mr. Giles Seaman, all of that place.

At Jericho, on Monday evening last, by the Rev. Mr. Hageman, Mr. Isaac Underhill, to Miss Rachel Seaman, daughter of Jordan Seaman, Esq.

At New-Haven, on the 25th inst. Mr. Timothy Dwight, jun. to Miss Clarissa Strong, daughter of the Hon. Caleb Strong, of Northampton, Mass.

DIED.

On Thursday morning, after a severe and short illness, Mrs. Mary Dayrell, of Brooklyn, widow of the late Capt. Paul Dayrell.

At Newark, on Friday last, in the 68th year of her age, Mrs. Sarah Baldwin, wife of Mr. Jonathan Baldwin, formerly of this city.

On Saturday last, at Mamaroneck, Westchester county, Mrs. Barker, wife of Mr. William Barker.—She was found dead in her bed; and what makes it more remarkable, her daughter, Mrs. Palmer, who resided in this city, went to the funeral as well as usual, and died in half an hour after she entered the room, where her mother lay a corpse.

At Halifax, George Brickley, Esq. commissary-general.

PORTRAIT PAINTING.

JOHN WALDO has removed his apartments over Messrs. Cleveland and Hyde's store, No. 156, Broadway, where he purports to remain a few weeks, and offers his services, in the line of his profession, to the ladies and gentlemen of this city.

Mr. W. has a few specimens of his painting at his rooms, and will be happy to exhibit them to ladies and gentlemen.

June 3

1059—31*

FANCY GOODS AND TRIMMINGS,

AMONG WHICH ARE,

a fine assortment of ribbons, silk and cotton cords, ornamented muslins, silk and willow for ladies' hats, black and white gimp, willow flats, silk and cotton beltings, culture and ostrich feathers ornamented and coloured, silver star garlands, Beaufort caps, chenilles, bugle figures and ornaments, silver and gold buttons, do. loops, silk, cotton, and cambric buttons; black and white pelongs, sarranets, &c. together with a parcel of straw and other hats, which will be sold cheap together, or in lots to suit milliners, or by retail.—Also, a constant supply of knitting netting, and sewing cotton, both white and coloured, of the best qualities, and at the lowest rates.

J. C. WATSON,

207, Greenwich Street.

Between Barclay and Vesey Streets.

June 3, 1869.

1059—If

WANTED IMMEDIATELY.

An Apprentice to the Printing Business. None need apply unless well recommended. Inquire at this Office. May 13.

CISTERNS

Made and put in the ground complete warranted tight by C ALFORD No 15 Catharine street, near the Watch house

FOR SALE,

AT C. HARRISON'S BOOK STORE, NO. 3, PECK-SLIP, THE

CHARMS OF LITERATURE.

Consisting of an Assauble of curious and interesting pieces in Prose and Verse. Among the contents, are, Murder Will Out, the Dying Daughter to her Mother, the Patriotic Clergyman, the American Farmer, the Forest Boy, &c.

ALSO FOR SALE,

Memoirs and Travels of Count Benjowsky, consisting of the Military Operations in Poland; his exile into Komschatka, &c. 2 vols.

COURT OF APOLLO.

LINES WRITTEN DURING THE SICKNESS OF A FEMALE FRIEND.

Stretched on the sleepless couch of full disease
Lo! you pale mid in panting anguish lies;
Fled in the bloom that lately tinged her face;
Fled is the sparkling lustre of her eyes.

Long has she lain in patient meekness there,
And used each effort to beguile her woes;
Long has she strove to smile away her care,
And checked each lip of marmar ere it rose.

Yet, though she smiled 'twas mingled with a sigh;
She smiled though tears suppressed each fond delight.

A transient smile that faintly glowed to die,
Like the pale moon beam through the mists of night.

Come then, sweet health with all thy radiant charms;
Come with thy rosy cheeks and blushing grace;
Clasp the mild sufferer in thy healing arms,
Revive the faded tints of *Mrs's* face.

Yes! friend and sister, though the tempest lower,
And thunders shake the battlements on high,
Tis but the prelude of a calmer hour,
The sure prognostic of a purer sky!

Though now disease thy wasting frame impair,
And pain's keen arrows pierce thy feeble breast,
Soon will the flush of health revisit there,
And hush each thro' of anguish into rest.

TO POVERTY.

POVERTY, I hail thee! source of every woe,
Of every ill, that I've been doomed to know,
On my destruction ever wert thou bent,
And step by step thou follow'dst where I went,
Just like an ass my panniers long I bore,
But now, alas! the burden galls me sore.
Without repining long I've borne the load,
Though seldom found a thistle in my road,
Did Yorick live, I need not ask the boon,
He'd willing share with me his macaron—
In youth (who does not) I thy power forgot,
While love and Emma chained me to her cot,
And here with her thro' life I thought to dwell,
Blest with content, the inmate of thy cell!
What son of thine I ask, or old or poor,
That knocked and found not welcome at my door?
Ah! no, my frugal board was ever spread,
And if 'twas night I lent a homely bed;
Heard their sad tale, and pressed them oft to stay,
Or helped them forward on their diurnal way,
Then why should thou with haggard looks appear,
And grin with pleasure as thou enterest here?
View those four boys, and say why thou should'st seek

To bleach the blooming roses on their cheek;
To draw from Emma's eye the trickling tear,
Or plough deep furrows on this face of mine;
Ah! tickless day! for bitter is the proof
When first thou stumblest on my humble roof.
I've marked thee long, Oppression came before,
And pushed misfortune's headlong in my door;
Deprived of all, nay, even of hope bereft,
Each guest took now the seats my friends have left;
Come sit ye down, bid sorrow bring a chair,
Need no inviting, where's the woe care,
Draw round my table all ye meagre throng,
And pain shall whine out disappointment's song.

ROOMS TO LET.

Two or three Rooms to let for the summer season,
in a genteel house at Brooklyn, in a retired spot—
And two or three Gentleman can be accommodated
with Board, Inquire of Mr. Cluichester, at the New
Ferry, Brooklyn.
May 20. 1037—tf.

Mrs. Charity Long's Medical Warehouse,
No. 30, CHERRY STREET.

To the Consumptive, Dropsical, and Nervous.

Medicines composed of the herbage of America, adapted to the mitigation and cure of those diseases incident to its climate, and attested by hundreds to be effectual, may be obtained at No 30 Cherry-street, prepared by Mrs. Charity Long, (late Mrs. Shaw) Botanist. The astonishing physic will break every species of fever in 24 hours! one dose only is sufficient.

Hundreds have bestowed their blessing upon this innocent powerful medicine. The last season, captains of vessels affirm that these medicines have proved effectual in every port and climate. They will be sold cheap and warranted genuine. Mrs. Long never visits the sick, and no medicine will be delivered without the cash.

Sea Chests from 5 to 30 dollars. Cash refunded to captains of vessels, in case these medicines do not prove satisfactory in every climate.

IMPORTANT TEST

Of these Medicines in a recent case of Putrefaction, by the Anti-Bilious Physic only—prepared by Mrs. Charity Long, Botanist.

We, the Subscribers, visited a friend the last week, reduced very low by a fever and exorciating pain in the bowels, whose dissolution was hourly expected putrefaction was evident, and spread in large spots on the body. The pains subsiding, we concluded, as is usual on all such occasions, that death was inevitable—to our astonishment, we witnessed a check of the putrefaction in three hours, and the patient recovered, in four days he left his room, and is at present in a state of convalescence, so as to engage in business again. As citizens, anxious to promote every useful discovery, we deem it our duty to communicate the above extraordinary event, and recommend the Medicines prepared by Mrs. Long, as worthy of public consideration and general patronage.

JOHN KENNY,
JOSEPH WRIGHT, Botanist.

June 3, 1839

THOMAS MORTON,

Wags leave to acquaint his friends and the public, that he has removed to No. 92 William-street, the store occupied by the late Mrs. B. Asher: where he has for sale the following fancy and staple articles—

Five French cambrics and musins
Twilled cotton sheetings
64 wide checks and bed ticks
Crimt, calicoes and ginghams
Fancy shawls, silk, cotton and camels hair
Ladies and gentlemen's silk and cotton hose
Gentlemen's English black silk extra sizes do.
India book, comb, and mulmul muslins
Pique, Fancy, and Doves Pelungs
Ribbons, sewing Silks, cotton and silk Trimmings
Fancy Vesting, Casimers and Cloths
Cotton Yarn for Sewing, Knitting and Drawing
Pins, Tapes, velvet Binding and Foss
White and coloured Threads, floss silk and Thread,
with a variety of other Articles, which will be sold low, wholesale and retail.

May 27 1038—tf

JUST RECEIVED,
AND FOR SALE AT THIS OFFICE,

THE EXILE OF ERIN,

A NEW NOVEL,

BY MISS GUNNING.

ALSO,

THE COMMUNICANT'S COMPANION;

OR,

INSTRUCTIONS AND HELP

FOR

THE RIGHT RECEIVING OF THE LORD'S SUPPER.

JUST IMPORTED,

HAIR SEATING FOR COVERING
CHAIRS AND SETTEES.

As low as any in New-York. For sale at No. 237, Water-Street, New-York.

JOHN I. POST.

DANIEL BALDWIN,
SIGN AND ORNAMENTAL PAINTER.



CHATHAM STREET.

Solicits the patronage of the Public. Those who will please to favour him with their custom, may depend on having their work done in an elegant style. As he has hitherto given peculiar satisfaction, he flatters himself that none will be disappointed.
April 29, 1034—2m

CHARLES SPENCER,

CONFECTIONER,

Inform his Friends and the Public, that he has removed to No. 113, Broadway, opposite the City Hotel, where he carries on his business in his various branches, and hopes, by strict attention, still to deserve public patronage. Families supplied with Plum-cake iced and neatly ornamented—Tea-cakes of every description—Pyramids, Ice cream, Blotch-mugs, Jellies, &c.—Country Orders punctually attended to.
March 11. 1047—6m

LEWIS FORNIQUET

Respectfully informs his Friends and the Public in general, that he has removed to No. 156, Broadway, where he solicits a continuation of their custom, and flatters himself that the quality of his stock, and his attention to business, will meet with their approbation. He has lately received, by arrivals from Liverpool, a new and elegant assortment of London Pearl Jewellery, consisting of Necklaces, Ear-rings, and Pearl ornaments for the Head, Pearl and Topaz Bracelets and Kings.

ON HAND,

A handsome assortment of Pearl, Diamond, and real Topaz Pins, Gold Watch-Chains and Seals, Pain and Cornelian Keys; Gold Ear-rings, Breast-pins, Rings, Lockets, and Bracelets; Silver Tea sets; Table, Tea, and Desert Spoons; Soup Ladles and Fish knives; Tortoise-shell, Dressing, and Fine Comb, Scissors, Penknives, best White-chapel Needles in quarters, and a great variety of other articles too numerous to mention.—He makes all sorts of Hair-work and Elastic Braids, in the Newest Fashion, and at the shortest Notice.
January 28. 1041—6f.

Elegant accomplishment in the most beautiful display of the vegetable kingdom.

MRS. MARTIN, Professor of Wax work, No. 12 Broadway-street, presents her most respectful remembrance to the fair daughters of America, and informs them, that she teaches Wax work, either in the making of likenesses, or in imitating the various fruits of the earth, with their respective foliage, from the creeping strawberry to the lofty and delicious nut. She also instructs the making of Artificial Flowers, and various ornaments in Rock and other work—with the method of making Moulds, to cast at pleasure, in the most perfect shape, any thing that may be desired. She will also repair Wax work.—Her terms for learning the above accomplishments are not too burdensome, a knowledge of which may be obtained in a few weeks, with only an attendance of two or three hours a day.
February 18, 1839. 1044—tf

S. DAWSON'S,
WARRANTED DURABLE INK,
FOR WRITING ON LINEN WITH A PEN,
FOR SALE

by the quantity or single bottle, at No 3, Peck-Slip and at the Proprietor's 48, Franklin-street—
May 13

NEW-YORK,
PUBLISHED BY C. HARRISON
NO. 3 CECIL-SLIP.

One Dollar and Fifty Cents per An.

PAYABLE HALF IN ADVANCE

tations on the means of extricating himself from his present embarrassment, received very unpleasant interruptions from the howling of wolves and other wild beasts, by whom the forest was infested. Suddenly Osbrough thought he saw something glimmer among the trees. He hastily hewed away with his sword some of the intervening branches which impeded his view, and was delighted to perceive the light of a fire, which evidently shed its rays through the casement of a cottage window at no great distance. Thither he resolved to hasten, and request its owners to assist him in recovering his horse.

He arrived at the spot whence the light proceeded. Here stood a low and wretched looking hut, rudely constructed, and covered with fern and withered boughs. Before he gave notice of his presence, the youth thought it prudent to ascertain the nature of its inhabitants. Accordingly, he approached the small window without noise, whence he had a perfect view of the hut's interior.

(To be Continued.)

AN AUTHOR IN A DILEMMA.

I have heard Dr. Johnson relate with infinite humour the circumstances of his rescuing O. Goldsmith from a ridiculous dilemma, by the purchase money of his Vicar of Wakefield, which he sold on his behalf to Dodsley, and, as I think, for the sum of ten pounds only. He had run up a debt with his Landlady for board and lodging, of some few pounds, and was at his wit's end how to wipe off the score and keep a roof over his head, except by closing with a very staggering proposal on her part, and taking his creditor to wife, whose charms were very far from alluring, whilst her demands were extremely urgent. In the crisis of his fate, he was found by Johnson in the act of meditating on the melancholy alternative before him. He showed Johnson his manuscript of the Vicar of Wakefield, but seemed to be without any plan, or even hope, of raising money upon the disposal of it; when Johnson cast his eye upon it, he discovered something that gave him hope, and immediately took it to Dodsley, who paid down the price above mentioned in ready money, and added an eventual condition upon its future sale. Johnson described the precautions he took in concealing the amount of the sum he had in hand, which he prudently administered to him by a guinea at a time. In the event he paid off the landlady's score, and redeemed the person of his friend from her embraces. Goldsmith had the joy of finding his ingenious work succeed beyond his hopes, and from that time began to place a confidence in the resources of his talents, which thenceforward enabled him to keep his station in society, and cultivate the friendship of many eminent persons, who, whilst they smiled at his eccentricities, esteemed him for his genius and good qualities.

Cumberland's Memoirs.

ANECDOTES.

Mr. Garrow, some short time ago, examining a very young lady who was witness in a case of assault, asked her if the person who was assaulted did not give the defendant very ill language—if he did not call him a—nd Scotch cobbler, and utter other words so bad, that he, the learned counsel, had not impudence enough to repeat; she replied in the affirmative.—Will you, madam, be kind enough (said he) to tell the court what these words were?—Why, sir, (replied she) if you have not impudence enough to speak them, how do you suppose that I have?

In a party a few evenings since, it was asked, 'why is woman unlike a looking-glass?' it was answered, 'because the first *speaks* without reflecting, and the second *reflects* without speaking.'

A lady told her husband she read the *Art of Love* on purpose to learn to be agreeable to him—I would rather have *love without art*, said he drily.

For the New-York Weekly Museum.

SONNET.

TO RELIGION.

Yes, meek and spotless maid, let flippants laugh,
I ask thy friendship and thy tenderest care;
I ask thy sorrows and delights to share,
While they enjoy the wormwood and the chaff.

Yes, on my brightest hour I ask thy smile,
But more to cheer each sad and gloomy scene,
To make my mind all placid and serene,
When bursting storms distress, or calmer skies beguile.

When friendship o'er my couch betrays her tears,
And pale disease devours each promised bliss,
From my chill lips the dying fever kiss,
And close my eyes on tyranny and tears.
Then wait my soul to Heaven's immortal air,
And charge my dearest ***** to meet me there,

HENRICUS.

New-York, May 27, 1809.

THE BLUSH.

SAY, have you seen in vernal morn,
Those beauteous tints that deck the sky,
Such colours Mary's cheek adorn,
When shrinking 'neath the gazer's eye.

Such colours met his ravished view,
And spoke to love a language dear;
As at her feet her William true
First breathed of love the vow sincere.

Such colours, too, adorned her face,
And mantled o'er her bosom's snow;
As 'bove disguise she strove to chase
Each doubt that caused her lover's woe.

Such speaking tints her cheeks o'erspread,
And transient each with other vied,
As late by happy William led,
She tripped to church, a beauteous bride.

Hail modesty! thy witching native grace
Subdues the proud, and melts the soul to love,
Art tries in vain thy beauteous tints to trace,
Or catch the changeful charms that round thee move.

MIRA.

BENEATH yew-tree's silent shade;
Long tufted grass the spot discloses,
Where, low in death untimely laid,
Pale Mira's silent form reposes.

The plaintive bird at evening close,
Pours there her softly-mournful numbers;
The earth its earliest sweets bestows,
To deck the grave where Mira slumbers.

There summer's brightest flow'rs appear;
There oft the hollow breeze is swelling;
The passing stranger drops a tear
On Mira's dark and narrow dwelling.

The moralist, with musing eyes,
Loves there his pensive steps to measure:
'How vain is human pride!' he cries,
'How soon is lost each earthly treasure!'

'To snatch the fleeting bubble, joy,
How weak is ev'ry fond endeavour!
We rush to seize the glittering toy;
It bursts, it vanishes for ever!

'How soon our pleasures pass away!
How soon our bliss must yield to sorrow!
The friend, with whom we smile to-day,
May wither in his shroud to-morrow!'

TRUE COURAGE.

Aristotle, in his *Ethicks*, assigns to courage the first place in his enumeration of moral virtues, with reason; for there is nothing more precious than the virtue of a coward: he shrinks at the prospect of danger and difficulty, and yields to temptation, for want of resolution to resist. The proof of a man's real courage, is to dare, in every situation, to be just to his own principles, to him to his connexions, and to the world. Be your future prospects through life ever so flattering, you must assuredly, be thrown into situations, where you will be exceedingly glad to repose on your conscious integrity: you will most certainly find by far, your best support under the various disappointments, calumny, and ingratitude of a world.

There are, I believe, few men, who, when they begin to throw off the boy, do not make some use of resolution to establish a character in the world, and to act like men of honor, unfortunately, they meet with temptations, which they did not expect, and they deviate, under a *salvo*, that they wish to be honest, but that it is every man's duty to do the best he can for himself and family. This is a most egregious mistake. There is but one honesty, one honour, one integrity, one virtue. They are all either absolute, or they do not exist; and I appeal to those men, who have thus deviated from what they know to be right, whether the recollection of their deviations from the plain path of honor does not now constitute their greatest infelicity?

I have mentioned *honor*, I will therefore give you my idea of a man of honor. Personal courage is doubtless a necessary part of his character; and this essential he should establish at his first emerging into man: not by a querulous propensity to contradiction; not by a promptitude to take offence, but by that cool and steady demeanour, which may convince his associates of his resolution to maintain his own rights, and to support his friend in a just cause, even at the expense of a little prudence. This part of his character once established he will run very little risque of future insult.

ANECDOTE OF OLIVER CROMWELL.

It is a singular circumstance and not historically known, that this cruel and extraordinary man had, at a very early period of his life, a bloody quarrel with that prince, whom he afterwards, at the head of the republican party, caused to be beheaded on the scaffold. The occasion of the quarrel was this, about three years after the accession of king James the VIth to the throne of England, the earl of Mar, who had the charge of his majesty's second son, Charles duke of Albany, at the palace of Dunfermline, Scotland, received a commission to bring his royal pupil to London, and, on his way thither, to pass some days at Huntingdon, at the house of Richard Oliver, the father of the famous Oliver, and who was married to a daughter of sir Richard Stuart, of Ely, whose ancestor sprung from the royal family of Scotland, in the reign of Robert III. It is observable that, on account of this relationship, king James himself also spent two days at Richard Cromwell's house, on his way from Scotland. In compliance with his instructions, the earl of Mar, and his young royal charge, did pass several days at Huntingdon, during which Charles and Oliver, who were nearly of the same age, had several skirmishes. Walking one day in the garden, their differences rose so high, that a boxing match ensued; the consequence was, that Charles, though older by one year, was worsted, and retired from the scene of battle with a bloody nose. Oliver being severely corrected for the daring act he had committed, indignantly said, 'I hope yet to knock the head of the Scotch dog off, instead of giving him a bloody nose.'

MAXIM.

Do not complain of another, for not keeping your secret, but first complain of yourself. How can you imagine a stranger will be more faithful to you than you are to yourself? We have no reason to hope that others will keep what we ourselves have abandoned.

The Weekly Museum.

NEW-YORK, JUNE 3, 1809.

The city inspector reports the death of 45 persons, (of whom 14 were men, 14 women, 8 boys, and 9 girls) during the week ending on Saturday last. viz. Of apoplexy 1, cholera 1, consumption 8, convulsions 4, debility 1, decay 1, diarrhoea 1, dropsy 2, drowned 1, intermittent fever 1, hives 3, jaundice 1, inflammation of the bowels 2, inflammation of the brain 1, intemperance 2, liver disease 1, mortification 1, old age 3. St. Anthony's fire 1, small-pox 2, still-born 4, suicide by hanging 1, thrush 1, and 1 of whooping cough.

Unfortunate affair.—On Thursday afternoon a quarrel arose between Capt. John Roach, of the brig Hawke, at the quarantine ground and his mate. The following particulars which led to and decided the dispute are obtained from the Coroner. When Capt. Roach returned on board, he inquired of the mate if he had performed certain duties as directed, in counting some sticks of logwood; the mate replied, that "he had weighed them but had not taken the count," and declared, that he (the captain) had not directed them to be counted. The captain affirmed that he had directed them to be counted, and called the mate a liar! The lie was returned—upon which the captain pulled the mate by the nose and called him a man of no spirit! the mate replied, "bring up your pistols, and I will convince you that I am a man of spirit." The captain immediately brought a pair of pistols out of the cabin, and on presenting one to the mate he said, "There is a loaded pistol for you, mine is not loaded—take your distance!" The mate went forward and said, "captain, are you ready?" The other replied, "fire and be damned." Upon which he did fire, and shot the captain through the head.

Important Discovery.—The range of cliffs lying along the Mississippi River, about fifteen miles below the city Natchez, which mass of earth has often attracted the admiration of the traveller; and amused the speculations of the philosopher, without a distant expectation of any real advantage to our country.—But accident (the source of many important events for the benefit of mankind) has discovered this great mass of earth to be OCHRE, of various hues and colours. The discovery was made by an enterprising Yankee, who had a large quantity of it carried to Boston, which proved equal to any imported from Europe, and remunerated him handsomely for his labour and risk.—The prominent colours as yet discovered of this great mass of ochre are, white, yellow, purple, and red, all of which have been found of an excellent quality.—Here we see how nature distributes her good things, and how partially it often operates—this great bed of earth might have enriched many poor families, but the proprietors we understand are Mr. Farrar and Mr. Claiborne, two of the richest planters in the Mississippi territory. This, however, will not lessen the great profit which will result to our country from this discovery.

Perhaps a more tragical scene has never happened in Virginia, than that which took place on Saturday morn the 20th inst. on the waters of Chickahomony river.—James Hopkins and George his younger brother, sons of

Mr. Benskin Hopkins of Charles city, together with John S. Punter and William Shell, were going from one of Mr. Hopkins' landing places round a neck of marsh to another.—James, the eldest, had the management of the canoe, who, it seems, from an early period in his life had delighted in mischief—and being extremely venturesome in water, has taken great delight in alarming boys of his age and also men, when it was in his power to do so. On their passage, when in water 16 feet deep, he began with his detested levity, and rocked the canoe so as to bring great dread on the minds of his youthful comrades—they all solicited him in the warmest terms to desist, but in vain; his brother it is said, was reduced to tears, and begged him to leave off rocking the canoe—but all would not avail—he continued his frolic—till at length the canoe was turned bottom upwards.—It appears from James' own statement that George and John Punter got hold of him, that the three sunk together; and that at the bottom he was forced to fight and struggle with all his power to disengage himself from them—that at length his clothes giving way he broke their holds and escaped, being a tolerable swimmer. Shell, who could not swim at all, says he sunk twice, and as he rose the second time, fortunately came in reach of the canoe, which he got on, and was by that means saved. Punter and George were drowned.—The distress occasioned by the ridiculous levity of a youth, now nearly come to manhood, no tongue can utter, nor pen express.

Virginia Gazette.

The Common Council of the Borough of Norfolk have passed "an ordinance for extending the benefits of Vaccination," &c.—Any Physician or other persons introducing the Small Pox by inoculation, or otherwise is subject to a penalty of twenty dollars.—The Council have directed the poor to be vaccinated at the expense of the corporation.

Newark (N. J.) May 29.—On Sunday evening last, the south chimney of the house of the Rev. Dr. Ogden, of this town, was struck by lightning. In the third story of the house, the eldest daughter of the Doctor was reading by a table adjoining the chimney, in which, about five feet above the table was an aperture that had been made to receive the pipe of a stove, and this aperture was covered with sheet iron. The lightning having passed thro' the aperture, struck the young lady on her right shoulder, and passed down her body, through the ceiling, to the second story, from whence it was conveyed to the ground by the wire of the house bell. The gown of the lady, by her shoulder, was burnt; and the whole right side of her body was without feeling and pulsation, though she retained her senses. We are happy to state that in about two hours after, Dr. Clark, by the power of Galvanism, fully restored the affected part to its natural state, and that, from this stroke of lightning, Miss Ogden experiences only slight debility.

Seldom, if ever, have we witnessed so severe a storm as the one on Sunday night. The thunder was unusually loud, and the lightning very vivid. We have already heard of considerable damage done in the neighbourhood. We learn that a building was burnt by the lightning at Bergen, another at Barbadoes neck, and one near Caldwell; a number of trees in the vicinity of the town were also struck.

MARRIED.

On Saturday last, by the Rev. Mr. John Williams, Mr. Samuel Thorne, to Miss Sarah Chieseman, both of this city.

On Monday evening last, by the Rev. Mr. Williston, Mr. Anderson Merritt, to Miss Sarah Carpenter, both of North-Castle.

On the 16th inst. at the Friends' Meeting House, Mamaronec, Westchester county, Mr. Elisha Carpenter, to Miss Letitia M. Serman, only daughter of Mr. Giles Seaman, all of that place.

At Jericho, on Monday evening last, by the Rev. Mr. Hageman, Mr. Isaac Underhill, to Miss Rachel Seaman, daughter of Jordan Seaman, Esq.

At New-Haven, on the 25th inst. Mr. Timothy Dwight, jun. to Miss Clarissa Strong, daughter of the Hon. Caleb Strong, of Northampton, Mass.

DIED.

On Thursday morning, after a severe and short illness, Mrs. Mary Dayrell, of Brooklyn, widow of the late Capt. Paul Dayrell.

At Newark, on Friday last, in the 68th year of her age, Mrs. Sarah Baldwin, wife of Mr. Jonathan Baldwin, formerly of this city.

On Saturday last, at Mamaronec, Westchester county, Mrs. Barker, wife of Mr. William Barker.—She was found dead in her bed; and what makes it more remarkable, her daughter, Mrs. Palmer, who resided in this city, went to the funeral as well as usual, and died in half an hour after she entered the room, where her mother lay a corpse.

At Halifax, George Brickley, Esq. commissary-general.

PORTRAIT PAINTING.

JOHN WALDO has removed his apartments over Messrs. Cleveland and Hyde's store, No. 166, Broadway, where he purposes to remain a few weeks, and offers his services, in the line of his profession, to the ladies and gentlemen of this city.

Mr. W. has a few specimens of his painting at his rooms, and will be happy to exhibit them to ladies and gentlemen.

June 3

1059—3*

FANCY GOODS AND TRIMMINGS,

AMONG WHICH ARE,

a fine assortment of ribbons, silk and cotton cords, ornamented muslins, silk and willow for ladies' hats, black and white gimps, willow flats, silk and cotton bellings, vulture and ostrich feathers ornamented and coloured, silver star garlands, Beaufort caps, chinelles, bugle figures and ornaments, silver and gold buttons, do. loops; silk, cotton, and cambric buttons; black and white pelongs, sarsnets, &c. together with a parcel of straw and other hats, which will be sold cheap together, or in lots to suit milliners. or by retail—Also, a constant supply of knitting, netting, and sewing cotton, both white and coloured, of the best qualities, and at the lowest rates.

J. C. WATSON,

207, Greenwich-Street,

Between Barclay and Vesey Streets.

June 3, 1809.

1059—tf

WANTED IMMEDIATELY.

An Apprentice to the Printing Business. None need apply unless well recommended. Inquire at this Office.

May 13.

CISTERN

Made and put in the ground complete warranted tight by C. ALFORD

No 15 Catharine street, near the Watch house

FOR SALE,

AT

C. HARRISON'S BOOK STORE,

NO. 3, FRICK-CLIFF,

THE

CHARMS OF LITERATURE.

Consisting of an Assemblage of curious and interesting pieces in Prose and Verse. Among the contents, are, Murder Will Out, the Dying Daughter to her Mother, the Patriotic Clergyman, the American Farmer, the Forest Boy, &c.

ALSO FOR SALE,

Memoirs and Travels of Count Benjowsky, consisting of the Military Operations in Poland; his exile into Kamtschatka, &c. 2 vols.

COURT OF APOLLO.

LINES WRITTEN DURING THE SICKNESS OF A FEMALE FRIEND.

Stretched on the sleepless couch of fell disease
Lo! yon pale maid in pining anguish lies;
Fled is the bloom that lately tinged her face;
Fled is the sparkling lustre of her eyes.

Long has she lain in patient meekness there,
And used each effort to beguile her woes;
Long has she strove to smile away her care,
And checked each lip of murmur ere it rose.

Yet, though she smiled 'twas mingled with a sigh;
She smiled though tears suppressed each fond delight,
A transient smile that faintly gleamed to die,
Like the pale moon-beam through the mists of night.

Come then, sweet health with all thy radiant charms;
Come with thy roseate cheek and blushing grace;
Clasp the mild sufferer in thy healing arms,
Revive the faded tints of Myra's face.

Yes! friend and sister, though the tempest lower,
And thunders shake the battlements on high,
'Tis but the presage of a calmer hour,
The sure prognostic of a purer sky!

Though now disease thy wasting frame impair,
And pain's keen arrows pierce thy feeling breast,
Soon will the flush of health revisit there,
And lull each throb of anguish into rest.

TO POVERTY.

POVERTY, I hail thee! source of every woe,
Of every ill, that I've been doomed to know,
On my destruction ever wert thou bent,
And step by step thou follow'dst where I went,
Just like an ass, my panniers long I bore,
But now, alas! the burthen galls me sore:
Without repining long I've borne the load,
Though seldom found a thistle in my road,
Did Yorick live, I need not ask the boon,
He'd willing share with me his macaroon—
In youth (who does not) I thy power to get,
While love and Emma chained me to her cot,
And here with her thro' life I thought to dwell,
Blest with content, the inmate of my cell;
What son of thine I ask, or old or poor,
That knocked and found not welcome at my door?
Ah! no, my frugal board was ever spread,
And if 'twas night I lent a homely bed;
Heard their sad tale, and pressed them oft to stay,
Or helped them forward on their dreary way,
Then why should thou with haggard looks appear,
And grin with pleasure as thou enterest here?
View those four boys, and say why thou should'st
seek

To bleach the blooming roses on their cheek;
To draw from Emma's eye the trickling brine,
Or plough deep furrows on this face of mine;
Ah! luckless day; for bitter is the proof
When first thou stumblest on my humble roof.
I've marked thee long, Oppression came before,
And pushed misfortune headlong in my door;
Deprived of all, nay, even of hope hereaft,
Each guest take now the seats my friends have left:
Come sit ye down, bid sorrow bring a chair,
Need no inviting, where's the waiter care,
Draw round my table all ye meagre throng,
And pain shall whine out disappointment's song.

ROOMS TO LET.

Two or three Rooms to let for the summer season,
in a genteel house at Brooklyn, in a retired spot.—
And two or three Gentlemen can be accommodated
with Board, inquire of Mr. Chichester, at the New
Ferry, Brooklyn.
May 20.

1057—tf.

Mrs. Charity Long's Medical Warehouse,
No. 30, CHERRY STREET.

To the Consumptive, Dropsical, and Nervous.

Medicines composed of the herbage of America, adapted to the mitigation and cure of those diseases incident to its climate, and attested by hundreds to be effectual, may be obtained at No 30 Cherry-street, prepared by Mrs. Charity Long, (late Mrs Shaw) Botanist. The anti-bilious physic will break every species of fever in 24 hours! one dose only is sufficient.

Hundreds have bestowed their blessing upon this innocent powerful medicine. The last season, captains of vessels affirm that these medicines have proved effectual in every port and climate. They will be sold cheap and warranted genuine. Mrs. Long never visits the sick, and no medicine will be delivered without the cash.

Sea Chests from 5 to 50 dollars. Cash refunded to captains of vessels, in case these medicines do not prove satisfactory in every climate.

IMPORTANT TEST

Of these Medicines in a recent case of Putrefaction, by the Anti-bilious Physic only—prepared by Mrs. Charity Long, Botanist.

We, the Subscribers, visited a friend the last week, reduced very low by a fever and excruciating pain in the bowels, whose dissolution was hourly expected putrefaction was evident, and spread in large spots on the body. The pains subsiding, we concluded, as is usual on all such occasions, that death was inevitable—to our astonishment, we witnessed a check of the putrefaction in three hours, and the patient recovered; in four days he left his room, and is at present in a state of convalescence, so as to engage in business again. As citizens, anxious to promote every useful discovery, we deem it our duty to communicate the above extraordinary event, and recommend the Medicines prepared by Mrs. Long, as worthy of public consideration and general patronage.

JOHN REMMY,

JOSEPH WRIGHT, Botanist.

June 3, 1839.

THOMAS MORTON,

Begs leave to acquaint his friends and the public, that he has removed to No. 92 William-street, the store occupied by the late Mrs. Brasher: where he has for sale the following fancy and staple articles—

Damask and diaper table cloths
Fine French cambrics and linens
Twilled cotton sheetings
6-4 wide checks and bed ticks
Chintz, calicoes and ginghams
Fancy shawls, silk, cotton and camels hair
Ladies and gentlemen's silk and cotton hose
Gentlemen's English black silk extra sizes do.
India book, cambrics and mulmull muslins
Plain, Fancy, and Doras Pelongs
Ribbins, sewing Silks, cotton and silk Trimmings
Fancy Vesting, Cassimeres and Cloths
Cotton Yarn for Sewing, Knitting and Drawing
Pins, Tapes, velvet Binding and Fans
White and coloured Threads, floss silk and Thread,
with a variety of other Articles, which will be sold low, wholesale and retail.

May 27

1058—tf

JUST RECEIVED,
AND FOR SALE AT THIS OFFICE,
THE EXILE OF ERIN,

A NEW NOVEL,
BY MISS GUNNING.

ALSO,
THE COMMUNICANT'S COMPANION;
OR,
INSTRUCTIONS AND HELP
FOR
THE RIGHT RECEIVING OF THE LORD'S
SUPPER.

JUST IMPORTED,
HAIR SEATING FOR COVERING
CHAIRS AND SETTEES,
As low as any in New-York. For sale at No.
237, Water-Street, New-York.
JOHN I. POST.

DANIEL BALDWIN,
SIGN AND ORNAMENTAL PAINTER.



CHATHAM STREET,

Solicits the patronage of the Public. Those who will please to favour him with their custom, may depend on having their work done in an elegant style, As he has hitherto given peculiar satisfaction, he flatters himself that none will be disappointed.

April 29,

1054—2m

CHARLES SPENCER,

CONFECTIONER,

Informs his Friends and the Public, that he has removed to No. 118, Broadway, opposite the City Hotel, where he carries on his business in its various branches, and hopes, by strict attention, still to deserve public patronage. Families supplied with Plumb-cake iced and neatly ornamented—Tea-cakes of every description—Pyramids, Ice-cream, Blanch-monge, Jellies, &c.—Country Orders punctually attended to
March 11.

1047—6m

LEWIS FORNIQUET

Respectfully informs his Friends and the Public in general, that he has removed to No. 156, Broadway, where he solicits a continuation of their custom, and flatters himself that the quality of his stock, and his attention to business, will meet with their approbation. He has lately received, by arrivals from Liverpool, a new and elegant assortment of London Pearl Jewellery, consisting of Necklaces, Ear-rings, and Pearl Ornaments for the Head, Pearl and Topaz pins Bracelets and Rings

ON HAND,

A handsome assortment of Pearl, Diamond, and real Topaz Pins, Gold Watch-Chains and Seals, Plain and Cornelian Keys; Gold Ear-rings, Breast-pins, Rings, Locketts, and Bracelets; Silver Tea sets; Table, Tea, and Desert Spoons; Soup Ladles and Fish Knives; Tortoise-shell, Dressing, and Fine Combs, Scissors, Penknives, Best Whitechapel Needles in quarters, and a great variety of other articles too numerous to mention.—He makes all sorts of Hair-work and Elastic Braids, in the Newest Fashion, and at the shortest Notice.

January 28.

1041—tf.

Elegant accomplishment in the most beautiful display of the vegetable kingdom.

MRS. MARTIN, Professor of Wax-work, No. 12 Broad-street, presents her most respectful services to the fair daughters of America, and informs them, that she teaches Wax-work, either in the taking of likenesses, or in imitating the various fruits of the earth, with their respective foliage, from the creeping strawberry to the lofty and delicious anana. She also instructs the making of Artificial Flowers, and various ornaments in Rock and other work—with the method of making Moulds, to cast at pleasure, in the most perfect shape, any thing that may be desired.—She will also repair Wax-work.—Her terms for learning the above accomplishments are but Ten Dollars, a knowledge of which may be obtained in a few weeks, with only an attendance of two or three hours a day.

February 18, 1809.

1044—tf

S. DAWSON'S,
WARRANTED DURABLE INK,
FOR WRITING ON LINEN WITH A PEN,
FOR SALE

by the quantity or single bottle, at No 3, Peck-Slip, and at the Proprietor's 48, Frankfort-street—
May 13

NEW-YORK,
PUBLISHED BY C. HARRISSON
NO. 3 PECK-SLIP.

One Dollar and Fifty Cents per Ann.

PAYABLE HALF IN ADVANCE